

THE
Rambling Rakes:

OR,
London Libertines.

By the Author of The STEP to the BATH.



L O N D O N
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T H E

Rambling Rakes, &c.

B EING something Indispos'd by a late *Dekatur*, which confin'd me to my Bed some hours extraordinary; during of which, I was as *Squamous* as a New Married Woman, and *up'd* more *Mutton-Broth*, than a Country Dame in the Straw does *Ox-meat-Caudle*. About Three in the Afternoon I was sent for by a Friend, who had been doing the same Penance, to *Vulcan's* Coffee-House in *Sticks Market*, once Fam'd for the *Athenian* Conclave, but now for the *Grave* Cabal of *Colletarian* Factors, and Renown'd Herb-women; where we heard several pleasant Tongue-Combats.

The first was between two *Feminine Bull-Guts*, concerning Priority; for the *Grey Mare* was now the *better Horse*, notwithstanding her Husband had formerly been a *Domestick* to the others. They had both been taking a Cup of the Creature, and being at the Head of the Fountain, was the bolder with the Liquor; but the noble Juice of the Grape so Exhilarated their Ten-penny *Craniums*, that their Noisic Nonsense far exceeded the Cataracts of *Nile*; and with engorg'ds of Loquacity foam'd at the Mouth like a Dray-Horse. No sooner was this Fray ended; but *C*— the *Circuli Tap-Lab*, fell a Raving at the *Parous Fishmonger*, for reporting he had made an Inspection into his Daughters Quarters, of which he gave a very nice Description; and Demonstrated the Signes of a Mole to a Miracle. For which *Stripp-Eat* was Arrested, but prov'd it to be matter of Fact, before the Gigantick Figures at *Guilt-Hall*; whereupon poor *Miss's Nanguan Satis* became the subject of the Neighbourhoods Discomf.

But the dull *Mahometan Infusion* not agreeing with our *Maulish* Pallats, we deposited our Pence, and cross'd to the Back-side of the Market, to the Remains of a *Tragopolis*, or, to speak more properly, the *Inconclusive Grocer*, Retailer of *Nuts*, and an *Uncouth Soupprest*, next door to the Sign of *Aquila*, to try the effects of a *Golden Cornish*; where we found our Formal Hostess extraordinary Studious in consulting *Aristotle's* Master-Piece for the choice of a good *Pew*; She hath more Stated Volumes in her Library, than e'er her Mother had Cherry-Sieves in her Stall. She's Mamma's own Babe, an Eternal Tattler, and very Precise in her Discourse; makes a pretty diminutive Figure in her *Sunday* Attire, which consists of at least Thirty Remnants, and hath more variety of Colours than the Rainbow.

Tis

'Tis to be suppos'd she was Begot in the *Dogg-Days*, and that her Mother Engendr'd before she had cleans'd her Hands from the Scorbutick Filth of Green Wall-Nuts; for she hath such a swarthy Tincture, that she hath often been tender'd the Paw, and taken for a *Gypsy*. Her Education is chiefly owing to her Mothers late Seminary, which was *Billinggate*, and arebot h well vers'd in its *Lingua*.

From thence we adjourn'd to the *Sacerdotal-Cap*, fronting Marble Majesty, with the Head of Rebellion under the Heels of his Prancer, where good Wine is no Novelty, which prov'd the best Cordial, reviv'd the puking Spirits, and inspir'd us with fresh Vigour. To spend the Remaining part of the Evening, we agreed to go see a Play, and order'd *Trip-stairs* to see what was Acted. Gentlemen, say'd he, *I hat requires at least an Hours Time; for there is lately Publish'd an Edict, that no Play-Bills shall be stuck up in the City Liberties, by reason they often tended to the Corruption of Towns.* Bless me! Cry'd my Friend, I am surpriz'd to hear that any should Abdicate *Play-Bills*, from the *City-Gates*, yet suffer the *Church-door* to be Plaster'd over with Pocky ones, and their Walls Adorn'd with *Piss-rubs*. I am apter to believe, said I, 'tis rather in Opposition to the Corruption of their Wives, and if possible to cut off their Communication with Quality, with whom they are generally Affected; and the tempting Loll in a Coach and Six, hath prov'd more prevalent than the *Holy Cross*. And 'tis a strong Argument, that too many have more Respect for a *Pissing-Corner*, than the *Gates* of the *Sacred Temple*.

Discouring of which occasion'd us to call for the other Quart, so that we out-stay'd our Time; and being too late for a Play, stroul'd to the Lunatick Mansion in *Morefields* (a Place famous for Assignations) to pick up a Confiding Female; but meeting with a Disappointment, we return'd to the *Stocks-Market*, where was variety of Company, devouring the product of Dame Natures Liberality. At one stall was a young *Beau Clerk*, wrapt in a *Scotch-plodd*, with a Pen stuck as stiff in his Hair as a Skure in the Flap of a Shoulder of *Mutton*. Treating his Masters Chambermaid with Strawberries, but as watchful as *Argos*; and his Head as full of Motion as a *Weavers Shuttle*, in watching his Masters Door, and Admiring Mrs. B—s *Fie*, which plainly discover'd she bore no Antipathy against Chalk and Oat-meal. Hard by him was another of his Brothers of the Desk, and the round Shoulder'd Son of a Potter, Eating of Cherry's for the Plate, attended by more Spectators than the late Monstrous Filly at *Black-wall*. At another Stall was a leash of Virgins, the Daughters of a Horse-fac'd Midwife, near that remarkable piece of Antiquity known by the Name of *London-stone*, darting their Amorous Glances, to as little purpose as Washing an *Ethiopian*, and had no more influence, than a Poor-Mans Petition on a Courtnet; they are of a Masculine Hue, full Ag'd, and constant Lecturers, but as little esteem'd as *Malt-Tickets*. Their Father, without doubt was a Hero, and had as bold an Appetite as he that first encounter'd an Oyster. The Mother our-rival'd the late Hermaphrodite in money Merchant, buying Apricocks by the Dozen, with an Old Potter at his Heels bare Headed; at which my Friend was mightily concern'd, to

see one of Fortunes Fools, idoliz'd by Age, and reverend Gray-hairs; but another Gentleman taking Notice of it, swore he had a mind to break his Head for having no more respect for his Fathers Profession. With that I ask'd him if he had any Acquaintance with him. He told me *Tes*, that his Father was a Porter, and Drummer to one of the Companies of the City-Trainbands, and 'tis suppos'd he was taken on Charity by his first Master; but he Dying, was shuffled about for some time; till at length the Sheerings of the Golden Fleece, and the Clusters of the Vine, have so Evaporated this proud Coxcomb, that his Dexterity in Cleaning of Shoes, the handling of his Masters House-keeper, and his Honourable Title of Piping-Sam, is now Blotted from his Memory: Set a Beggar on Horse-back, he'll ride to the Devil: At the same Stall was Old *Splu-fig*, an Adjacent Grocer, and the uneven-leg'd *Hosler*, almost his Neighbour, joyning their Forces for three Farthings worth of Currants; and stood as hard for two or three Bunches over-Measure, as a Taylor for a piece of Carrot to a Two-penny Cut of Boild-Beef: The first is more Noted for a Miser, than the other is Admir'd by the Exchange-Girls. He often trots to the Burrough-Market to save a penny in a Joynt; and would sooner part with an Eye, than give a halfpenny to a poor Basket-woman. By the Antiquity of his Attire, he resembles a *Spaniard*; and preserves his Ward-Robe for succeeding Generations. He is as great a stranger to the Taylors, as to common-civility. Not long since some unlucky Spark took the pains to send him the Epigram, on *Digges's* salutation to the Rich *Craesus* in Hell; which for the Morality sake, I think not amiss to insert here.

*When the Tubb'd Cynick went to Hell, and there
Found the pale Ghost of Golden Cressus bare;
He stops, and staring till he springs again,
Says, O thou Richest King of Kings! What gain
Have all thy Large heaps brought thee, since I spy
Thee here alone, and poorer now than I?
For all I had, I with me bring; but thou,
Of all thy Wealth, hast not one Farthing now.*

But the greatest of our Diversion consisted in hearing of an old *Basketierian*, banter a young Eloquent *Norwegian-Factor*, whose time is but lately Expir'd; and is now Master of a little dark Cave, (but of less Sence) in a Noble-street, from the Corner of which you have a fair Prospect of the Orphans-Conduit. He is of the same Opinion of the late Sir *John P*—that every Generation grows Wiser than the former; so by Consequence his Talent must be very large. The Vulgar hath Corrected his Name by Adoption, to one more suitable to his Natural Parts, and Re-Baptis'd him *Ben*. He's a Compleat *Beau*, but but the two most Essential Parts of the Animal, that's his Head and his Heels. But Notwithstanding his great Perfections, he has verified the Old Proverb, *Fools have Fortune*: But the Old *Harradan* being a little too Extravagant with her Clapper, was rebuk'd by his Neighbour the Friendly Tallow-Chandler: But the Old Woman gave very little Attention to his Reproof, and told him, *Tho' he pretended mightily to the Spirit, 'twas well known he was Fleshly given; and his deeds was Dark, tho' by vocation he was an Author of Light, and a Confounder of Cotton.*

The Wine, Walk, and Fruit, Creating us an Appetite; we quitted the Market, and hasted to the Sign of the *Infallible-head*, in an Alley that bears the same Title, as Noted now for *Nice-Peck*, as 'twas formerly for an Amorous *Bar-keeper*: Having Anatomiz'd the Carcase of a cold Fowl, and wring'd a Lemon as hard as *David Jones* once did the *Bankers* Consciences; We took leave of his *Holiness*, and went over to the obliging Relict of the late *Alphabetical Cutler*, who was Drinking of *Burgundy Bumpers*, with two or three Brawny Officers, to the commemoration of his deceas'd Honour. Having barter'd for some of her Commodity, we departed, but not without Tasting their Wine, and Saluting her Lips, which were as Clammy as Treacle, and as Red as her Neighbour, the *Apocryphal Tonfor's* Nose, which is Searlet in Grain; and of such a Spungy Nature, that it hath soak'd up more Claret than will float the *Royal Sovereign*.

Standing at the Alleys End some short time, considering how to steer our Course; and likewise viewing the noble Front of the *Universal Correspondent Fabrick*; Lolling on each other in as lazy a posture, as a *Walbrook Furrier* in *July*, or a *Paser-noster-Row Mercer* in *December*: In the Int'r'm of which, outbolts a brace of Ladies, from the aforesaid Mansion, whose Airy Deportments, slow Motions, and Amorous Looks, gave us an Invitation to follow the tract; which as soon as they perceiv'd, they put the black Pall o'er their Fizes; and could no more forbear looking back than *Loss's* Wife, but gave as many backward Ogles, as the *Hackney-Boarders* in their Sundays progress, at the City Beau's: And fauntring after them as a Boy to School, till we had almost reach'd the Water-side, as we were just about to give them a Broad-side, and make our Addresses, as ill luck would have it, who should we meet but both our Dads, who were going to refresh their jolly Old Hearts at *Heroick Guy's*, near the Royal Edifice of Renown'd *Gresham*; the Old Gentlemen would have perswaded us to go with them, for which we begg'd their Pardon, pleading Extraordinary haste for the payment of some Bills that Night. Whereupon they releas'd us, Commending our Dilligence, which I believe they would hardly have done, had they known our design on the Ladies, whom we resolv'd should be the Receivers.

By this unexpected Accident we lost the sight of our Does; but Conjecturing they were going either to *Lambeth-Wells*, or *Cupid's-Garden*, we hasted to the *Old-Swan*, presently took a pair of Oars, and by the laborious Tugg's of our *Element Splitters*, was soon convey'd to the Southern-Shore, near the Ancient Palace of *England's* head Prelate; and ferriting about to recover our Loss, till we came to *Lambeth-Wells*, where I observ'd an Old Fornicator a Mutton-hunting, who by his sanctified Look and Formal Carriage, one would have thought could have bid defiance to any Temptation of a Female Devil, & resisted the Lust of his own Flesh. My Friend hap'ning to know him, told me he was a *Maggot-Monger* by vocation, lived in *Leaden-Hall-street*, was formerly Excommunicated from the Church, and not long since narrowly escap'd it from the Assembly of the Faithful in *Lincolns-street*, and all for the tickling Sin of Whoring; but on his Publick acknowledging his Crime, with a promise for a thorough Reformation for the Future

ture, he was confirmed in the Congregation; but he still retains his Integrity to Wenching; and so predominant is his Flesh, that a Bull from his Holiness would no more be regarded, then the Reproof of the Elders.

In the same Walk was the Widow of a late Grocer, but now the Wife of a Draper, rigg'd as fine as a Dutchess, with a Livery at her heels. Her Natural Complexion is as swarthy as a *Bantam*, but plaister'd o'er by Art as thick as the lid of a Goose-pye. She had a Crozier of Diamonds at her Ase— as big as a Frying Pan; but the adjacent part has prov'd very unfruitful, having never Receiv'd the Blessing of the first Command; and of all the Commandments, she regards the seventh the least. Under the Notion of Drinking the Waters, she carries on her Intreagues. She often boasts of being a Lady in few years; and will bring the *More-fields Star-gazer* to avouch it.

Among the Dancing-Crew was several whose Tails were far lighter than their Heels; and the motion of their Buttocks so melted their Grease, that they out-sweated a Stoker to a Glass-house in *June*, or a *Pye-Corner* Cook during *Bartholomew-Fair*. The wiper with their Handkerchiefs, had so intermix'd the White and the Red, that their Faces look'd as Streaky as Marble-Paper. The Grains of their Skins by the Heat of their Body, and the Essence of Toes and Arm-pits, made such a Fumigation, that had not my Friend had a Bottle of Spirit of Harts-Horn, we had certainly fainted. There was one Lady of Pleasure, to whom Nature had been very liberal with her Endowments, as she was dancing a Jigg (which she perform'd extraordinary well) pulling out her Handkerchief to wipe her face, out drops a large piece of Green-Cloth, and as much Orice-root as would supply an *Hospital* for a Month, which dash'd her so much out of Countenance, that she departed, without making her Honours, so by consequence spoil'd her Market for that Evening. She is a true resemblance of *Pandora's* Box; for she hath been in *Kent-street-Loek* more times than double the number of her hands and feet. The bulky mein Usher, with a white Wand in his hand, for the generality leads the Dance; he steps as fine as a Mill-horse, has the Air of a *Cow*, and makes more Noise than a Captain of the Mob on the fifth of *November*.

Seeing not our Ladies, we thought it lost time to stay any longer there, but hasted to *Cupids-Garden*, with as dejected a Countenance, as the Commissioners of the Land Bank on the News of Dr. *Chamberlains* trip to *Holland*; and as big with expectation of finding them there, as his poor deluded Subscribers were of annual Estates; but notwithstanding we were so vigilant that no mask of Petticoat 'scap'd us, we were baffled in our hopes, & our search had the same Effect as *Penelope's* Labour, therefore we resolv'd to strive no longer against the stream, but submit to what kind Chance should offer; waiting for which, and walking about for an Opportunity, we took Notice of a Goggle-By'd Jew, of the Tribe of *Mordecai*, whose Habitation is not far from the Synagogue, and he particulariz'd by his black flews, Morose Speech, and Upright Gate, he mutter'd love to his Mistress, faster than their Orator pronounceth the *Hebrew* Law on their Sabbath, on which day, he carries no *Pecunia* in his Breeches, but will Whore, go to a Play, or Tavern, in the Evening, taking with him a Friend of a contrary Faith to disburse the

Rime

Rino. He seem'd to be far more vigorous than a Stone-horse, and was so confounded Amorous, that we thought he would have cover'd her in our Sight. She's the Uxorious Dame of one of his Dependants, and as Notified for an Intreaguer at *Capids*, as her Husband for one of *Orbello's* Monsters; the Patches to admiration, and Dresses with such a profound Air, that she's envy'd by all her Neighbours of her own Sex near *Cree-Church*, and as much admir'd by the contrary.

The next discovery we made, was an Intreague between a Shop-keepers Beau-Apprentice, on the Royal-Exchange, and the Wife of his Masters Bosom; the Spark has a better Knack in pleasing the Ladies, than his Master, tho' he has been much admir'd by the Female Sex, but is so damnable Effeminate, that he has been Ridicul'd by the whole Town, and Censur'd hard for his Non-performance; he is far Nicer than Sir *Courtly* in his Apparel, and more troublesome to his Tonfor than the *Scrubbado* to a Sempstresses; and Garters so very Neat, that he often takes down his Glafs in the Shop to admire his Legs; he declares he could wish 'twould become a Fashion for the Men as well as the Women to carry Umbrella's to Shelter them from the Weather; and uses more Variety of Washes, than the once renown'd Bawd Madam *Creswel*. The Spark without doubt had made good use of his time; and notwithstanding his Familiarity with his Mistress, he commiserated his Masters Confinement during their Absence by hasting home to shut up Shop. But finding none among all those numerous Intreaquers that resort there, tempting enough to break a Commandment with, or run the Risque of a Flap-Dragon; After we had drank a Bottle or two of Red-streak, we departed; resolving to go thorow-stitch in our pursuit, we boarded the *Folly*, a Place is worthy of it's Name, as a Thief of a Halter.

Having enter'd the floating Seraglio, we were presently shew'd into Number Three; and before we were well seated, came to us a Brace of Harlots, as lew'd as *Sodomites*, and as impudent as the Devil, and gave us an invitation to Dance: The Countenance of the Whores, was an Antidote against Carnality to us; not but we were willing to be Lew'd, tho' not with such Common-Strumpets: However we bestow'd on them three or four Berys of prick'd Wine, the best the place afforded, which made their heads as light as their Tails, then dismiss them to seek for fresh Company; and presently the Noisie Instruments play'd, which was far more hideous than the ruff Musick at *Ludgate*, on the Conjunction of a Prisoner and his Wife, if possible; and up starts a whole Covy of Whores, with their Cully Part'ners, placing themselves to Dance, with as much *Decorum* as the *Cripple-gate* Pioneers on my Lord Mayors-day; nay, I am confident there is hardly a Bawdy-House within the limits of the Bill of Mortality, but one of their Profelytes was there; they will make as punctual a Bargain before they'll go with you, as a Butcher in *Smithfield-Market* for Cattel; but one of the Company, happening to spy out a *Poulterian* Jannifary among the Crowd, discover'd him to the Mob, who was so enrag'd at the Catch-pole, that had he not made his Escape into a Boat, out of one of the Windowes, they had soon sent him to another Element, which is a far kinder fate than he Deserves, whose Actions are as Dark as his Name; for there's nothing that is Mercenary and Base, but is as Natural to him, as Milk to a Calf.

Among

Among this Chaos of Sexes, was a person of a Venerable Age, his Cloaths miserably tatter'd, and his Face as Pale and Wan, as if he had newly risen from the Dead, notwithstanding which, he still retain'd the Air and Appearance of one that seem'd to Command much Honour and Respect; and shewing him to my Friend he knew him, and told me he is no more like the Man he was three years ago, than an Apple is like an Oyfter; he was then, said he, counted a Topping Merchant, and as noted a Capon-Eater, as belong'd to *Haberdashers-Hall*; but by Misfortunes Abroad, his Lustful Inclinations, and shaking his Elbows, hath reduc'd him to what you see; his being here now I presume is on no other Account, then to satisfy his Letchery. And no sooner had he spoke the word, but the old Fornicator had got him a Drab, and mov'd off seemingly as well pleas'd, as if he had been repoll'd of his former Fortunes. In the next Box to us was three Jilts, who had Drank pretty plentifully, not doubting but to light on some Gully to discharge their Reckoning, but being deceiv'd in their Expectation, and having no more Money than Honesty, they were oblig'd to leave a Pledge for it, so one left her Scarf, another her Hood, the third her Gloves, and took up three-pence in Money, for a Waterman to set them on *Salisbury-Court Shore*.

Being now near Ten, we came from the *Folly*, and took Boat for the *Temple*, and went to the *Devil* to Enjoy our selves with a Glas of good Wine, after our successless Ramble; and the Streets being Dry, and the Night light, we had a mind to Foot it home; not in Consideration of saving Coach hire, but for the sake of Diversion, we imagin'd we should have; but in *Fleet-street* overtaking an Ordinary Man, handing a young airy Lady, who made a very good Figure, we pretended some Acquaintance with her, and must needs take her from her Husband (as we afterwards found him to be) and Endeavour'd to force her into a Tavern being something Elevated, and inamour'd with her Person; but she crying out for Help and he getting timely assistance, she was soon Rescu'd, and we seiz'd, notwithstanding we lugg'd out our Steel, and Wounded two or three; but the powerful stroaks of pairing Shovels, soon o'er-master'd our Swords, and the Constable took Care for a New Lodging for us that Night in the *Counter*; which Occasion'd us to take Coach, which if we had done so at first, 'tis possible we had lain at our Old one. But,

Night, Wine, and Love, no Moderation bear;

Night knows no Shame, or Love and Wine no Fear.

As soon as the Key was turn'd, the whole Family of the *Rat-Castle*, flock'd about us as thick as the Mob about an insnar'd *Diver* for Pence at the *Post-office*, demanding Garnish, which we presently paid, lest we should be dismantl'd of our Rigging; And being willing to be rid of our Company, we desir'd a Bed; upon which we were conducted to a very indifferent one, for I dare be sworn the Sheets had perform'd several Voyages to the *Indies* under another Office, before they were converted to that use; and for the Bed, I am Confident it had more Vermine than Flocks; But being full fraught with Wine and Vexation, at that Nights

C

Adventure,

Adventure, we doz'd away the time till Morning appear'd. Then Consulting how to Manage this Misfortune, that it might not be blaz'd Abroad, or reach the Ears of our Friends; and calling to mind a Splitter of Canles, who was a particular Friend of ours, we sent for him, and gave him an impartial Account of the Occasion of our Confinement; whereupon he advis'd us to Endeavour, if possible, to prevent going before a Justice, and to make it up on any Terms; demonstrating the Letter of the Law against any such rash Attempts. We Acquiesc'd in his Arguments, and were sensible of our Fault (but too late) and desir'd him to stay, till they and the Constable came; but he told us that a Sister of his that liv'd near the *Manument*, sent to speak with him just before our Messenger came, on some Urgent Business, but would be back in an hour; and if they came in the mean time, to desire them to stay till his return; but before that time was half expir'd, comes the King of the Night, with his short Painted Truncheon of Authority, and two or three of his deerripp'd *Door-thumpers*, and call'd for his Prisoners, telling us that both our Friend and Adversary, was at the *Rose-Tavern* at the Alley's-end, before whom we must make our Personal Appearance; this seem'd strange to us, but however it was no Unwelcome News, by reason our Friend was there, but gave us hopes it might be Accommodated, and we not Expos'd before a Magistrate; then paying our Fees, we quitted our new Lodging with as joyfull a Heart, as ever poor Wench that is past her Teens went to be Married.

Being come to the Tavern, our Friend smil'd, telling us he was sent for by our Adversary, who was his Brother and Sister, to assist in the Prosecution of us; but we being his Friends, he had prevail'd with them to put it up. At which we begg'd both their Pardons, pleading abundance of Contrition for the Abuse; and the Wounds we gave in the Scuffle being but slight, we promis'd to pay the Cure, and a Gratuity for their Civility; and giving Mr. *Constable* and his Assistant a Reward for their Trouble, we were as good Friends as good Company and good Wine could make us: And after about an Hour or two's Enjoyment, we discharged the Reck'ning, which mounted to about a Guinea, besides the other Expences, then took our leave and departed.

My Friend and I Agreed to meet the next Morning at the *Flanderkin* Suters, who was so Ambitious of being a Vint'ner, that he gave 900 Yellow-Boys, for the influence of a *Star* near the *Royal-Exchange*; but some Old Sophisters, who pretend to have mighty judgment in Astrology, prognosticate, that unless the Juice of the Grape be something extraordinary, he will quickly repent his purchase, and the *Star* be bury'd in a Cloud. But meeting according to Appointment, I perceiv'd my Friend to be very uneasie and melancholly, asking him the Reason, he answer'd me, that one Misfortune seldom came alone, but was generally back'd by another; and since we were no strangers to one anothers Intreagues, he would give me an Account what has happen'd since we parted.

My Master, you know, has three Daughters, who are Youthful and tolerable

tolerable Handsome, and no small Fortunes; I being full Fraught with Vigour, and not able to resist such tempting Fruit, made Love to each of them, unknown to the other, pretending a great deal of Passion; and so manag'd it, that there was no Suspicion or Jealousy in the least between them; and to obtain my Desires, I promis'd them all Marriage, at which the poor deluded Fools, soon granted my Request: Since which, by my industrious Labour, they are all pregnant, and press me mightily for Marriage, which now is as far from my Thoughts, as they are State in my Embraces; therefore I still put them off by some plausible Excuse, and defer'd it from time to time. But being pleas'd at Yesterdays success, after the Nights Misfortune; and also being mighty full of Love, as I was going up to my Chamber I met one of my Loves on the Stairs, then taking her by the Hand, I led her into my Apartment; where she was mighty Solicitous for me to fulfil my Promise, and I as eager to renew our Joys.

Having fast'ned the Door, she gave me the Trouble to use a little force, at which starts from behind the Curtain the Eldest Sister, which baulk'd my Design, and cool'd my Courage. She over-heard our discourse, and was a Witness of our Proceedings, fell into a violent Passion, Taxing me with Unkindness, Perjury and Falshood to her, who had been so liberal of her Favours, and lov'd me beyond Expression. Then Upbraiding her Sister, who was so surpris'd, that she sunk Breathless into my Arms; and being willing to be eas'd of my burthen, I lay'd her on the Bed, and began to plead for my self to the enrag'd Charmer: But, Alas! all that I could say rather Augmented her Fury, and had the same Operation as Oil, to extinguish Fire. *Falshe, Ingrate, and Perjur'd Deluder, cry'd she, is it thus you reward me for all my Kindnesses, Extended to thee? And is this the Effect of your mighty Passion, which so often you have invoc'd the Sacred Deities to Witness? Are all the Solemn Oaths and Protections, which so often you have sworn on your Knees, now Cancell'd, and so soon forgot? Thou who art the Author of my lost Honour, and increasing Shame, art thou now pall'd by Enjoyment? And could you not content you self with being false to me, but also, must deceive my Sister, and ruin both our Fortunes? Indeed 'tis no more than what I have of late suspected, but now find too Evident; And had not kind Chance, in your Absence, directed me to your Chamber, to seek for something to diversify my self, I had still remain'd Ignorant of your Falshood.*

No sooner had she pronounc'd these words, but the intranc'd Partner of her Woe, recover'd her depriv'd Senses. At the same Instant one knock'd at the Door, which gave me hopes of relief; whereupon I presently opened it, wishing I might be sent for out; for I was in a damnd Fatigue, at the discovery. But ye Gods! How was I dismay'd, to find the third Sister there, and would not be deny'd Ent'ring? Nay, now, cry'd I, Fate do your worst; then let her in. She finding one in Tears, the other like a Fury, made a scrutiny into the Occasion; and it was not long before she was satisfied, at which she kick'd up her Heels, and Faith I thought was gone to carry the News to the other World. But in a short time coming to her self, she divulg'd her own Weak-

ness, and presently became a middle-aged Woman, resembling the

nels, of being impos'd on by my pretended Love; and gave me a second part to the same Tune. At length, all being silent with Grief, I spoke to them to this Effect, Fancying my self that Heroick Libertine, Don John: You see, Ladies, how by Accident I am discover'd in my Amours with you all; you have all declar'd to me severally you are with Child by me, and thus I promise you all Marriage, which I Confess: But since 'tis not in my Power to gratify all your desires in performing my Promise, I do declare I renounce it to you all; and advise you for your own Honour, not to divulge it, thinking thereby to Expose me; for thereby your own Reputation will be Blasted: But by Concealing your own Fraillties, since you are alike Guilty, things may be so manag'd that the Censorious World may be ignorant of it. Then leaving them to condole one anothers Misfortunes, and contrive for their own Safety; I came to meet you according to our Appointment.

Most Sinners, said I, find by experience the truth of the Old Proverb, *That Sweet-meats must have Sower-Sauce*: And Ills, tho' perpetrated with the greatest Cunning and Security, are seldom exempt from the Punishment they deserve; as I last Night Experienc'd, by a Misfortune attended with such amazing Circumstances as the hazard of my Life, and Distraction of my Senses. Which happened as follows.

Having spent the remainder of the day (when I had left you) after a Drunken and Libidinous manner, about Ten a Clock at Night, I stagger'd from my Company, and rambled about Streets, in quest of Common Game, that the Wickedness of the Night, might Crown the Debaucheries of the Day; and that I might continue a Fashionable Libertine in a hot pursuit of Vice without any Cessation, lest an Interval should cool me into Sober reflecting on my past Lewdness, and make me fit for *Bedlam*, rather than a true Penitent: The next Morning accordingly I met with a stroling Scrumper, whose Face by Candle-light (which commonly gives Advantage to the Female Sex) look'd plaster'd over with Pomatum, and her Lips imbellish'd with a Counterfeit Colour to imitate a Healthful Redness: But however, the Power of Lust and Weakness of my Judgment, render'd any thing that appear'd in Petticoats Welcome to my fond Embraces; so that with very little difficulty, I readily engag'd my Condescending Madam to accept of my Company, unwarily giving her the Priviledge to conduct me to what Place, her most Mercenary Ladyship should think convenient to spend the whole Night together, in the reciprocal Enjoyment of each others Company; upon which, she took me under the Arm, as Lovingly as a Citizens Wife does her Cruelly Spouse, and convey'd me very safely into *Salisbury Court*; where we travell'd down the Lane as Lovingly together, as if we had been Bedfellows and Mils-mares together, ever since the Miraculous beginning of the late happy Revolution. At last she carry'd me into a House where a burly black Fellow with a Countenance as terrible as the Prince of the Devils, bid us wonderfully Welcome, and shew'd us into a back Kitchen, where the easiest Seat was a Buffer-Stool, and the rest of the Furniture fit for nothing but to be dedicated to the fifth of November, or to the Pious Memory of our Gracious Queen Elizabeth. By that time we'd sat down, my Mistress tip'd the Wink for some of her belov'd Liquor, and presently in came a middle-Ag'd Harradan, representing the

the Hostels charg'd with a diminutive Quartern of infernal Spirits, having so many unlucky Signs in her dangerous Physiognomie, as if the Devil had travel'd thro' the Features of her Face, as the Planets thro' the Houses of the Heavens, and had left the mark of his Cloven Foot on every place he trod upon. The Brandy, or more properly Kill-devil, being raw, my Mistress complain'd it lay very cold upon her Stomach, and desir'd she might have half a Pint burn'd, to prevent her falling into a fit of an Ague; which I, being a very liberal Gentleman, very readily consented to, or indeed any thing else, my Insinuating She-compound of Compound of Devilism was desirous to please her snuffling Pallat with; her Dialect was so agreeable to the appearance of her Person, and the Pestriferous place in which we had taken Sanctuary, that I was mightily pleas'd to see every thing answerable to the Wicked Purpose I was thus far engag'd in. To what ever I said, she had a piece of *Nemote-Cant*, that she made applicable, and Thwarted my Bawdy-Rhetorick with as many May-be-not's, as a Bungler makes Why-not's in a whole days Play at Tick-Tack; every now and then I heard a Lumbering in the House, and observ'd the People every time they came, to look with very busie Countenances: I was mighty Solicitous with my Mistress to go up to Bed, but she still resisted my Importunities by an Interfering request of t'other Quartern, which I still submitted to; till at last Nature quite tir'd with the Day's Fatigue, and my Brains over-burthen'd with the stupifying Fumes of our Fiery Devils-Piss, I fell fast a Sleep, and lay expos'd to the mercy of my Mercenary Mistress, and her vile Accomplices; who hoisted me (after what manner I know not) up two pair of Stairs, took off most of my Cloaths, and laid me upon an old Flock-Bed by the side of a Dead Woman; who I found afterwards had made her Exit in a Flux, and cover'd both up together, with an old Lousie red Rug, where I slept till near Day-light, by the Cold side of my Defunct Mistress; in which time they remov'd all their Goods, which I suppose needed not many Carts to expedite their Conveyance, and amongst the rest, both my Money, and as much of my Apparel as was worth their taking; locks up the House, puts the Key under the Door, and there leaves poor Pill-Garlick Snoring, in this hopefull Condition, Dreaming nothing of the matter: The Watchman coming by, pass Four a Clock, gave an Audible Thump at the Door, according to Custom; and the House being Emptie so encourag'd, the Sound, that it struck as powerfully upon my Ear, as if a Demi-Culyerin had been fir'd at my Beds-head, or I'd been hoop'd up in a Drum between a couple of Calves Skins, and somebody had been beating on't; insomuch that it wak'd me, and put me in a great Quondary to think whither I was got; remembering very well I came into an Ale-house with a serviceable Drudge call'd a W—re, but could not recollect any thing of my coming to Bed; Extending my Arm a little from my Body, I found I had a Bed-fellow; and the heat of the Brandy having very much inflam'd my most Sinful Parts, I began Presently to examine what Old Nick had sent me, a Male or a Female; and finding on't of the right Sex, to tell you the Truth on't, I began to be wonderful kind, and hug her as close as a strenuous Lover ought to do a new Mistress; but found her very Cold, very

and very fast asleep, as I thought; so believing she had been, like my self, at hard Service the Day before, I even like a good careful Bed-fellow, cover'd her up as warm as I could, and turn'd my self about to take t'other Nap till Day-light, by which time I was in good hopes my Mistress would have Feasted Nature with sufficient rest, and her frozen Limbs would have recover'd such warmth, as would have made her fit for Humane Action; having compos'd my self again, I slept soundly till the Sun had peep'd above our Horizon, and somebody came rattling at the Door, with as much Authority, as a Church-Warden at an Ale-house knocker, in the middle of Sermon-time; which awak'd me out of my sweet Sleep, and brought me waking into a great many troubles; I rub'd my Eyes and began to look about me, and seeing a Bed without Curtains, Walls without Hangings, a Hearth without a Grate, and a Room without Chair or Table; I began to be a little surpris'd and turning to my Mistress attempted to wake her, but found her, as stiff as a Marble Statue, as Cold as a Snow-Ball, as Deaf as a Mute, as Blind as a Beetle; in short, as Dead as a Herring; finding nothing in the Room, but a Tin Spitting-pot, and an Earthen Bed-pan; by which I reasonably conceiv'd she Dyed in her Calling, and between the Distemper and Medicine, Pox and Mercury, was carry'd the Lord knows whither, to give an Account of her Stewardship. All this while somebody rattling at the Door, as if either a Constable was come for me, or the Devil for the Corps; which lamentable fright, together with the other grievous Circumstances I lay under, had like to have caus'd so great a difference between Soul and Body, that 'twas as much as ever I could do to keep 'em in one anothers Company; still hoping there was somebody in the House, tho' as things appeared there was little reason to believe it; still every half Minute I had a fresh Alarm, and at last venturing down into other Rooms, found nothing but a Vacancy, having carry'd every thing clear off, but the Dead Carcase of a Woman which marry'd men generally account to be their best Household stuff: At last I ventur'd to peep out at Window, to see what furious Assailant attack'd our Castle with such a vehement Pulsation; seeing only a single Man, who look'd like a Rogue, tho' not like a Constable, I ask'd him what he wanted? He told me, *To speak with the People of the House, for that he was the Landlord.* I told him they were not within; but he being, I suppose, a Confederate in the design, was very peremptory, vowing he would come in, either by force or consent, and that if I would not give him Entrance, he would fetch a Constable and break the Door? Which upon good consideration, I thought better to be opened by fair means; accordingly I went down, took up the Key, which was thrust under the Door, and gave him admittance, who as soon as he came in, look'd round about him, with a counterfeit stern look, and ask'd, *What was become of the Goods?* I told him truly I could not tell, but believ'd they were gone with the People? *How,* says he, *Pray what do you do in the House, if my Tenants be march'd off with his Effects?* In answer to which, I told him the Truth of the whole Story, which, I suppose, he knew well enough before; with which he would by no means be pacify'd, crying, *I was a Confederate in removing the Goods off the Premises, and that they*
ow'd

ow'd him a Twelve-months Rent, and he would make me pay it, or he would trounce me for assisting them? Besides, he did not know but the Woman was Murder'd, and would have me before the Lord chief Justice, if I would not comply to give him the Arrears. Which I thought it rather Prudence to submit to, than to stand the Test of this matter, in so Scandalous an Adventure; which if it had reach'd my Fathers Ear, might have been the cause of my disinheritance; so that I sent to a trusty Friend for Cloaths and Money, made up the Business, and left the poor Woman, without further enquiry, to be bury'd by the Parish.

*If such a Trick won't cool the Lust of Man,
Sure nothing but Age, Death, or Sickness, can:
Reader take Care of Gills, for here you see,
Living or Dead, they have been Plagues to me.*

F I N I S
